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2-10-39 Ralph W. Owen '07 - Friend - just

THE
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXI

OCTOBER, 1905

No. 3

Song

I came into the garden-close,
When all the world was fresh and fair,
Beside me blew a crimson rose,
And somehow a great flood of air
Seemed everywhere.

It was not lonely there nor still,
Not one least living thing was dumb,
The laughing leaves, the thrush's trill
Sang to my heart in one sweet sum
Of Love to come.

I came into the garden close
When all the world is chill and grey
Beside me droops a crimson rose
And all that's fair seems fled away
With yesterday.

It seems so lonely here and still
No flower lifts its heavy head,
No bird voice sounds with throb or trill
And all things seem to pine instead
For love that's dead.

K. S. Goodman.

3-10-39. Ralph W. Emerson '07 - 7 mind - gift

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En Route

(A RAPID TRANSIT COMEDY IN ONE ACT.)

SCENE: A Pullman car.

TIME: Late afternoon.

PERSONS: Young man; young woman.

(They are seated opposite each other. He is reading a book; she looking out of the window. She gives a little tired sort of a sigh, and he glances up from his book.)

HE: (As though reading from book)—She had the sweetest face in the world. In repose one noticed the soft rose-leaf skin, the clear eyes well set beneath perfect eyebrows, the tender mouth with yet a hint of will about the chin, and the arched forehead shaded by clouds of the softest hair which seemed to breathe a kind of magic incense almost bewitching the senses.

(At these words, spoken in a voice low yet distinct to her ears, she turns and finds his eyes upon her. The color comes to her face and she looks hurriedly away again.)

HE: (In same low voice, from behind his book)—When excited, her eyes sparkled like new cut jewels, the roses in her cheeks flamed as though kissed by the warm sun, her lips trembled at first and then became firm—ah, best not trifle with her; that tender mouth has a world of power in it!

(She searches about her and, finding a magazine, leans back in her seat, shielding her face. His eyes twinkle and he smiles wickedly. Then he lowers his book.)

HE: Was this book written about you?

(There is a slight movement of the magazine, which immediately becomes still again. "I wonder," thinks she, "could he be speaking to me. But of course not! He has a very refined voice, though.")

HE: I beg your pardon, but I'm sure you must be the heroine of this book.

SHE: (Lowering her magazine)—I—I really—I think

you must be mistaken. (Raises magazine again. Her heart is beating rather faster than it is accustomed to. Thinks to herself, "I wonder if I had better change my seat? Still, he looks like a gentleman. Haven't I seen him somewhere before? There is something familiar about his face—and his voice—surely I have heard it before!") Lowers magazine and finds him gazing seriously at her.)

HE: You ought to be.

SHE: (Smiling.) Do you think so?

HE: I'm sure of it. It describes you perfectly. Shall I read what it says?

SHE: Oh, no! I—I heard—oh, I mean it isn't necessary. Of course no one would want to write a book with me in it.

HE: I would.

SHE: (Smiling.) Thank you so much!

HE: I mean I would like to, but I'm sure my ability would prove too small.

SHE: You are very complimentary.

HE: Oh, it's the plain truth! Exaggeration would be impossible in speaking of you.

SHE: Were you ever in Ireland?

HE: (Smiling.) Not that I can remember—why?

SHE: I thought you might have a piece of Blarney Stone in your pocket. (Takes up magazine.)

HE: No, but I have something in my eyes. Hadn't you noticed it?

SHE: Why, they have an honest look, I think.

HE: I hope so. And they have love's potion in them. They are seeing now with the aid of it.

SHE: (To herself, behind her magazine.) "Oh!" (Draws a quick breath. "What on earth shall I say?" Lowers magazine and their eyes meet for an instant.)

SHE: (Desperately.) Do you like to travel?

HE: I never did before. I think I could travel now indefinitely—this way.

(She thinks, "Oh, I must stop this. It isn't respectable to be talking this way with a stranger.")

SHE: But all journeys must end, you know. Now mine will be over when we get to K——.

HE: I live there too. But my journey, the real one, ended some time ago. It has been a queer, fairy-tale sort of a journey—like we used to read when we were children—a long quest in search of my beautiful princess.

SHE: Did you find her in an enchanted castle with a fierce dragon on guard?

HE: (Laughing.) No. I found her unguarded, alone. I knew she was the princess and I wanted to speak to her, but my courage left me. And I had it all planned what I should say, too. But I was afraid to say it.

SHE: Perhaps—if there had been—a dragon, or something—

HE: That's it! But she was alone, and—well, she might not have understood, you see.

SHE: (Thinking. "I know now. I have seen him in my dreams, and we have talked together—only, not really, of course. He is my knight I have been waiting to come for me.")

SHE: But, if she were the princess—the real, sure enough princess you were seeking for—don't you think she would have understood?

HE: That finally occurred to me. So then I tried, in a round about way, to let her know. But, I—oh, it's so hard some times to say things.

SHE: But her knight would have courage first, and then gentleness. The princess would require those things of him. Don't you think so?

HE: I know it. But, in displaying the first, he might seem to show want of the second.

SHE: Not *her* knight.

HE: How is he to know that he *is* her knight?

SHE: Why, he would just feel certain of it in his heart.

HE: I do feel certain of it in my heart. But there's my mind. It's slower to be sure.

(He looks out of the window with troubled, undecided expression. She, thinking,—“I don't dare say anything more, but I'm sure he's my knight. Oh, why can't he see?”)

SHE: We are getting into the city.

HE: Yes.

(Porter comes through car announcing city.)

HE: We are almost there.

(She pins on her hat and reaches for her cloak. He springs to his feet to help her. As he holds her cloak for her and draws it about her shoulders, her nearness gives him courage.)

HE: (Bending over and whispering to her.) My journey in search of my beautiful princess ended when I found you. If I could know that I am your knight—

SHE: (Nervously fastening her furs about her throat.) Can't you see—that—(hiding her face) you are? Now rescue me from this monster. (Laughing as porter comes towards them, brush in hand.)

HE: (Giving him a coin.) Clear out! We don't need you! (Then, when porter has gone away grinning.) You are the sweetest little princess in the whole world, and I'm the happiest knight that ever came to the end of his quest.

SHE: Do you realize that I don't even know my knight's name?

HE: Nor I my princess's! (A sudden idea strikes him.) Wait a second! (He takes a card from his pocket and hands it to her; she gives him hers.)

SHE: (Glancing up quickly.) Why! why!—our mothers used to go to school together!

HE: That's a fact! And I've heard my father speak of yours lots of times.

SHE : (Giving a happy little sigh.) My knight, you have taken my very breath away. I haven't had time to think.

HE : No need to think, princess mine. Trust your heart. That's what I'm doing.

(Train stops and they go out.)

Addison Talbott.

Spring Comes Clad in Roses

Spring comes clad in roses,
Autumn in shroud of rain ;
Ever the mist encloses
The river and the plain.
Ever the sun caresses
The fields where Winter lay ;
But Love in no new dresses
Steals down the crowded way.

The old year slays her sorrow,
The new year's dreams are sweet.
Love needs no glad tomorrow,
With eager flying feet
She steals along the valleys,
Her voice is on the wind,
" The world is life's green chalice,
The wine of life is kind."

Charles Kennedy.

The Awakening of Russia

MACLEAN PRIZE ORATION

FIFTY-FOUR years ago, just after the coup d'Etat of Louis Napoleon, London Punch printed a striking cartoon, portraying France as a woman bound, gagged and in chains, while over her in threatening attitude stood a soldier with his bayonet at her breast. Underneath were the words "France is tranquil." On the 18th of last March, just after the massacre of the peasants in St. Petersburg, the New York Outlook reprinted this cartoon, but changed the superscription to read "St. Petersburg is quiet." It is this tranquility, this quietness, this feeling of impending disaster that is now drawing the attention of the world toward Russian affairs.

So gigantic is Russia, so endless her plains, so numerous her people, that she beggars all description. Think of one country containing one sixth of the land in the world; think of one crown controlling the lives and fortunes of one hundred and forty millions of souls; think of travelling for weeks without seeing a single boundary of this one vast Empire! And from end to end of it are little villages of dilapidated huts, packed with the most impoverished set of peasants on the face of the earth.

It has been made plain to the world since the recent troubles began, that the real power in Russia is in the hands of the Dukes, and that Nicholas II is a weakling, a puppet, ruled by a new favorite with each change of the moon. Dissolute, powerful, unbridled, these Dukes have at last brought their country to her present crisis. As Gibbon says — "They are the blanket that smothered the struggling flame of civilization; the tombstone that holds down the confined soil of Russia."

For ages Russia has patiently submitted to this system of autocratic serfdom, and each year has seen an increase in

the sufferings, the deprivations, the encroachments on the liberties of the people, and a corresponding increase in the discontent of a nation whose meekness has long ago passed into a proverb. Finally, the better educated among them began to realize in a dim, uncertain way that they had as their leaders men whose sole purpose it was to

"Take from them their liberties; make them of
No more voice than dogs, who are often beat
for the barking."

It takes a long time for a feeling of this kind to penetrate the minds of a hundred and fifty millions of people; nor is it to be expected that a Prince, who is a firm believer in the absolute sovereignty of the crown, will encourage any measure tending to disseminate any such feeling. Still, as if by magic, it grew and made itself felt throughout the land. For twenty-five years mutterings have been heard intermittently in different parts of the country, and each succeeding outbreak has had in it more of saneness and less of riotous disorder. Yet, so bound were they by the habits of generations gone by, that they could not bring themselves to open revolt against the "Little Father," could not abandon that trust in him which has been for so long a time the central part of their religion. But finally the suffering of the nation seemed to be crystallized at St. Petersburg, and, having exhausted every other means of succor, they decided to go to the Czar with a petition. He was their friend, their helper, their protector; if they could only reach him, they would surely receive relief from their burdens!

It is a clear, bright morning in St. Petersburg. The Winter Palace gleams gray and glistening in the center of the square. The snow lies silvery white like a veil from Heaven thrown over the face of Nature. Up and down drive the gorgeous equipages of the Dukes and their families. Here and there are scattered bands of soldiers, and on every corner stands the inevitable gendarme. In the dis-

taunce is seen approaching a strange procession. It is made up of the workmen of the city—fathers, mothers, sons and daughters—all in holiday attire. At their head marches a little priest bearing in his hand a paper. It is their petition to the Czar and is filled with sentences like these:

"We, the workmen of St. Petersburg, our wives, our children, and our helpless old parents, come to you, our Sovereign, to seek justice and protection. . . We have reached that fearful climax where death is preferable to the prolongation of our unendurable sufferings. . . We desire only that without which life is not life, but drudgery and everlasting torture. . . Two ways only remain open to us, one leading to freedom and happiness, the other to the grave. Point out, O Sovereign, the one you prefer us to take, and without a murmur we will take it, be it even the road to death. Let our lives be a sacrifice for suffering Russia. We do not begrudge her such a sacrifice and gladly will we offer it."

Half an hour later, into this band of trusting mortals, with no thought in their hearts but of peace, volley after volley of death-dealing musketry was poured by the Cossacks. The "Little Father" had pointed out the way and they had taken it.

Bagehot, in one of his essays, says that the ultimate ruler of every nation is the people, though he is often like a mighty giant who slumbers and sleeps for ages, and when aroused demands a sacrifice of blood. For ages the giant had slept in Russia. Year after year that great nation, like a squirrel in a cage, had moved round and round its beaten path, without making the least progress in its constitutional development. The whole country was at last like a mighty volcano in which the heat had become so intense that the steam was bursting through a dozen crevices at once, and there could be heard low rumblings as of distant thunder. But the horrors of "Bloody Sunday" brought a climax.

The groans of that martyr band penetrated the Sleeper's very soul. The sacrifice had been paid, and it could not be paid in vain. Such a protest went up from Russia that the "Little Father" trembled in his palace and the Dukes muttered curses upon that rabble which refused to be stilled.

Be stilled now? When every drop of blood shed on that Sabbath morning had grown a tongue that shouted aloud for liberty! Be stilled now? When from every gaping wound a voice was lifted to Heaven in prayer for Russia's deliverance! What though the soldiers flocked around them, what though leader after leader was arrested and started on that silent trail that leads through a frozen earth to the stone quarries of Siberia, the voice of Liberty was calling, and their souls made answer in hushed but triumphant whispers—"Dulce et decorum est pro Patria mori." True they were weak and the government powerful, but they had realized at last that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; they were to prove again history's declaration that

"Slaves who once conceive the glowing thought
Of Freedom, in that hope itself possess
All that the conflict calls for, spirit, strength,
The scorn of danger, and united hearts,
The surest presage of the good they seek."

And what is this they seek, this unreasonable rabble? They seek the end of a war in which they have no heart, a war which would long ago have been ended except for the false pride of a reckless prince, a war which has drained the very life-blood from the land; they want to be able to meet without molestation, to read without hindrance, to study without police interruption; they want to work with the hope of enjoying the fruition of their labors, and without the terror of a living death; they want a voice in that government, which is now dumb to their entreaties and

blind to their necessities; they want representatives who shall declare the will of the nation, that their Prince may no longer be guided by a "Boudoir Council," but by men who "see things clearly and see them whole."

And why should they not find what they seek? What is this evil that, like an Old Man of the Sea, is riding Russia to her grave; this greedy, unscrupulous power that bomb shells cannot frighten, that prayers cannot soften, that rivers of blood leave still insatiate? It is the rule of the aristocracy, the rule of absolutism, the rule of the past; the rule against which men have been fighting since Greece was in her infancy and Rome a nation yet unborn.

The essential factor of every revolution is the feeling of the people. Burke said on one occasion—"If any man ask me what is a free government, I answer that, for all practical purposes, it is what the people *think* so." And in proportion as the people begin to think that what their government allows them is *not* so, just in that proportion will their dissatisfaction increase until, like a mighty wind, it sweeps all obstructions before it and leaves a clear field for new institutions.

It has been said that national uprisings are not summer plants to bloom over night, but may be likened to the Alpine flower which, robbed of sunshine by its covering of snow, melts its prison walls and grows to maturity by its inherent warmth. It is just such a growth that is going on in Russia, has been going on for the past decade, until the warning already uttered upon two historic occasions might well be sounded in the Czar's unheeding ears—"Ce n'est plus une émeute; c'est une révolution." Slowly and silently, but surely, the revolutionary forces are gaining strength; before them the autocracy, that "inky plague," must soon retreat. It is not to be expected that a nation can *leap* into constitutional liberty, but it is beyond reason to believe that Russia can ever again sink back into that

absolutism which has resulted in national atrophy, and has paralyzed her energies since the days of Alexander II.

Yet a little while must the educated teach the ignorant, the bold encourage the timid, the firm sustain the faint; yet a little while must they submit themselves to the fiery flames of trial, that their demands may be purged of dross and their purposes made pure and definite in the minds of all; then will the new spirit possess Russia, then will dawn a new day on that dark Empire in the North, and then will her sons arise in their might claiming their share in the heritage which Liberty has promised to all her children.

Julian Bonar Beaty.

Nocturne

Every zephyr whispers her sweet name,
Dreamily the night-wind sings his serenade,—
In a whispering monody his theme,
Tunes, croons softly, wandering down the glade:
Hushed all nature listens, deep in silence laid.

The rustling leaves above,
They tell the tale once more;
And the nightingale oft answers,
And repeateth o'er and o'er,
The cry that struggles in my heart—
Unspoken evermore—
For how should mortal tell it—
Or how should words e'er spell it,
Or speak Love's mystic lore?

A zephyr wandered idly
Where the moonbeams dance and play,
And revel all the night-time
With gnome and sprite and fay,
Playing in the shadows
Upon the garden way.
The while he wandered idly ;
Then through her window crept,
Beckoned thither by the moon-beams,
As they danced in misty moon-gleams,
From their hiding mid the shadows,
That with ceaseless rise and fall,
Moved as to subtle music
Over floor and wall.

And softly through her slumbers,
He sang a lullaby,
In tenderest, sweetest numbers,
All night my lady nigh ;
And while in lonely vigil,
His ghostly watch he kept,—
Hovering o'er her gently,
O'er my darling gently,—
He kissed her while she slept—
He kissed her while she slept.

J. Wainwright Evans.

The Queen's Tragedy

FOREWORD

THERE have been Kings and Queens my masters since the world was young and many have lived bad lives and died brave deaths while some have gone trembling and screaming from the stage of life like a poor-spirited hare torn by dogs. There be those royal ones and others of princely blood, whose stories all know and for whom many have wept, as the Queen of Scots and the proud Earl of Lenox, his son and his grandsons, or the wise and fair Jane Grey and poor Anne Bullen in England. The greatest singers have told us of Francesca, of Phedra and of the lady of Agamemnon, the Greek Emperor. There be others also, however, of whom less hath been made for that they lived but dull and common lives, died in their beds with lips shut and made moan to none. The lady with whom we have concern was Queen of no small domain, she came of a great house and might have done famous things had ought such come to her hand to do. She had beauty and for a time youth, there was peace in the land and content, but she must have heirs to rule after her and such as to keep safe her kingdom. So she married a brave king, bore him three sons and a daughter, was a good wife, a merciful ruler, a kind mother. She lived to a great age and died easily, was much mourned for a space and afterward forgot. So much all may find at first hand an they care to search old archives. A fine and queenly lady truly! Would all the great bore their duties in so fit a manner. Those of you who have happened upon her name may remember her as you would a pleasant summer's day, warm, quiet, satisfying, wonderfully complete and seldom thought on. There were, however, other few circumstances, hardly so pleasant, in which she had some part, and if you would know them, here they are, simply and truly set forth.

Assalide, Queen of the Pays du Cantal, had reached her eighteenth year, heartfree if not carefree, when her father's old councillors began to speak to her of marriage. Whatever dreams or fancies she may have had she laid aside, listened dutifully to all they had to say and finally bade them make choice of some suitable personage for her to wed. They, you may be sure, had the names, titles, quarterings, histories and qualifications of every neighboring king and princeling all by rote and had come to their decision long ago. Howbeit, they made a great show of consulting and discussing and kept the girl in waiting many days, and then announced to her that in all ways the King Jaufre of Rives Dordogne seemed most fit, by birth, in point of his possession of great wealth, and his young and pleasing person, to be husband of their liege lady and to rule with her over the land.

Assalide heard their long and careful reasoning, praised them for their diligence and forethought, but said that she would take some weeks to give so grave a matter proper thought and would prefer meanwhile to be left much to herself and her own musings. The aged men found this most fitting and retired much pleased. The Queen, of a truth, had not much thinking to do for, as it seemed to her, she had, as yet, little food for thought. Despite all her seeming submissiveness she had no desire to wed with a man of whom she knew no more than what the old owls of councillors could tell her and the maiden dreams and fancies so resolutely laid aside had sprung up again with the flow of young life in her veins. The Queen's own true friends, her three maids of honor, could do little to help her when she told them her wish to know more of her destined lord, but one of them sought out a young man of the royal body guard, a red haired, silent Scot named Blake to whose habitual reticence she alone possessed the key. He had served King Jaufre for a time and from him the Queen

learned much of his master's ways and moods, his likes and his looks. What she had heard pleased her greatly but made her no whit less disturbed. The King was tall and young, said Blake, a stern man who yet could laugh a merry note and sing a *tenzon* with any troubador of Provence or Languedoc. The more Assalide heard of him the more did it seem that he must be a man to stir any lady's heart and the more did she in her own person as a girl scorn to have him on any terms save as a lover who should love her for her beauty and her sweet youth, not for her broad lands and hoarded treasure. Her mother was no one to appeal to in this case for there was little sympathy between the two. Indeed there could not well be much as the old Queen was half mad and hated the sight of her daughter's face and the sound of her voice. She had been a great beauty in her youth and the sight of her daughter's fairness roused in her only the envy and jealousy of a woman overpassed, not the pride and love of a mother. Natheless Assalide now made pretence of retiring to her mother's home, some long journey into the hills, and this also the ancient councillors saw most fitting, never thinking that in seeming to act as they would act in her place the fiery young Queen was going an impossible way and one altogether at variance with her true nature. Indeed this pretended journey to her mother's but served as cloak to a far more important and far different journey in quite an opposite direction which she had determined upon by reason of some news just got from young Roger Blake.

These news were that her neighbor, King Jaufre, having been sounded by his advisors on the subject of marriage, and having come to the decision that she, Queen Assalide, was his fitting mate, had started, with but a handful of retainers, and disguised as a wandering singer to journey to her chief city of Vic, there to have a glimpse at her in her true person without her being aware that he was a king.

More of doubtful delight for poor Assalide! Thus indeed would she have lover of hers conduct, but oh to meet him on an equal footing! His action jumped so with her own desire that she found herself already deep in love and wild questions such as these assailing her mind. Why not go and meet him in the character of a simple gentlewoman, win his love and then declare herself the Queen? Surely such had been accomplished before. Filled with the romance of such a plan she fell into it with a great fervor, and calling Roger Blake to her again made to question him as to the information he had concerning the intended visit of King Jaufre. Roger knew little save what he had gleaned from one, his friend, a master of horse in the King's service. He had come thither but lately, travelling with that same train which brought the formal offer of marriage from his liege lord. This much had he imparted to Blake and this much Blake, in turn, was able to impart to his impatient mistress. The King would hunt for a fortnight at Orlac, which lay scarce a day's journey from Her Majesty's seat of Vic, as was his custom in the early Autumn. Then, it was rumored, he would, in the manner of those great errants of old, Duke Perseus, the noble Jason and such like, set forth in disguise, as we have before said, to try his fortune as a singer and humble suitor for her, the Queen's favor. This gave Assalide the cue for her own entrance into the comedy she had in mind. She dismissed Blake and again announced her intention of going into retirement with her mother at Les Monts Dore in preparation against the day when she must give definite answer to King Jaufre his ambassadors. To her three waiting women she entrusted this much, she would with them journey to Viel Castel, a palace much used of her ancestors when their wild or lonely fit was upon them. There she would seek such occasion as would lure the young King from his hunting at Orlac and give her opportunity to study

and even woo him, if she so chose, at her leisure without his knowledge of her true rank. To this end she let it be made known through Roger Blake, to such persons as would in all likelihood carry the matter to the ears of the King, that one lady Jehane de Montluc, waiting woman and erstwhile confidante to Her Majesty the Queen, would, with some few other ladies, journey presently to le Viel Castel, where they would await the coming of their mistress and meanwhile make such preparation as should be fitting for the later arrival of the royal suite. Now the rumor was to run thus also, that one trusted of the King might with due discretion learn much concerning the heart and fancies of Queen Assalide by insinuating himself into the good graces of that lady Jehane, and thereby materially aid his master in his lately devised emprise. Assalide knew enough, she thought, of the nature of the King through Blake's description of him, to be sure that he would entrust no other person than himself with this delicate piece of business, and that upon her coming to le Viel Castel he would shortly present himself to her disguised and thinking her only the waiting woman she made pretence of being. That she might fail to pick out the King from among such persons as should appear to her at le Viel Castel our lady never supposed for a moment, trusting, doubtless, partly in the description she had of him and partly in the patent kingliness of kings, which no disguise could utterly hide, so she deemed. Then, so ran the scheme of things in Assalide's mind, their meeting being thus accomplished, the great game would be on, and the result, whether it made for good or evil would lie in the lap of the gods. Suffice this for preface to the active part of this history.

Early in the dawn of the next morning Assalide and her little company departed silently from Vic and rode forth to le Viel Castel. This was a quaint, silent old house, sombre

with shadows and filled at eventide with ghosts of the dead kings and queens who had made it their playground or retreat and sanctuary as the mood swayed them. You might almost see them flit in and out of the long leaded windows which opened on the gray eastern terrace or hear them whispering in the dim tapestried recesses of the great hall, whispering of old bitter follies or of loves they dared not vaunt in the great world outside. Here on the worn stone flags splashed with great splotches of azure and crimson from the tall mullioned window overlooking the green reaches of the garden had stood one, a great master of armies, silent to sternness, bitter with conquest, a man of iron, who would have deemed it shame, aye worse than shame, to soften before his hardened men at arms or dissolute courtiers, yet as those who know tell us, here he had stood, clad in the motley of his own fool, making rondeaus to the brown eyes of a country lass who knew him only as Maitre Pierre, the sweetest fool in all Christendom. Aye and yonder, backed against the rich greens and browns of a tapestry depicting the tempting of the Lady Eve in that lost land of Eden, a great cardinal, known to the four ends of the earth as spotless past all question, had sat, garbed for the chase, fuddled with wine, nursing such pet vices in the black heart of him as none dared impute to his holy name, and toying in maudlin fashion, over the littered dice board, with the slim, bejeweled fingers of that most virtuous—God save the mark!—lady, his queen, while his evil satyr's tongue tempted her to blacker sins than he had ever damned from the high altar. These be but examples. Others there were, some better some worse, but all hugging to their breasts old secrets. Every faint gust of wind that ran along the blackened walls under the time stained hangings was full of little echoes of tears and laughter.

Such was le Viel Castel even in the days when Assalide,

weary with long riding, and accompanied only by her three trusted girls, mad with the sense of mystery and adventure, Dame Margarida, her nurse, and five men at arms, captained by young Blake the redhaired Scot, rode up to the fantastic west gateway in the chill of the September evening. The Queen dismounted and with a few light words of thanks dismissed her escort, who, since it was a time of peace and there was small need of their presence, people all believing Assalide to be in retirement with her old mother at Les Monts Dore, rode away into the gathering shadows of the poplar avenue. Then she turned quickly to the four women. "It is a rare game we play at, my friends, a rare game. God grant that it may have a sweet ending. Time was when I—but no matter, I am foredone with the much travail of our journey." She laughed a little and then, as the tallest of the three girls spoke to her with soft deference, she flashed out with a pretty petulance, born of much brooding in her heart and the weariness of her frail body, "Call me not 'My lady the Queen,' on your life, girl, call me not that!" Then to the others, "I am the lady Jehane, waiting woman to Her Majesty, sent here against the coming of her suite that all things may be in readiness. Remember, all of you," she included the little group with a sweep of her hand, "lest I be angry with you and—and, but no matter, come, I am laden with a great weariness." She turned and made her way to a great chair of tooled leather, facing the blazing heap of logs in the great fireplace of the main hall. Here she sat and gazed at the crackling fire with moody, thoughtful eyes. She was wondering, doubtless, in the reaction caused by the exhaustion of her body, how she could have been so mad as to set forth on such a wild quest for that fleeting thing which the singers of all time have called love. Love forsooth—. Then she slept, sitting even as she was, her dark head resting in the corner of the great chair, her little mud bespat-

tered boots stretched toward the roaring fire. Afterwards, when they had lighted some few waxen tapers in the great silver sconces along the blackened oak walls, she roused herself, eat sparingly of such viands as were brought by Dame Margarida, and then, without word to anyone, betook herself to the bed prepared for her.

One might weave a great story, perchance, out of the dreams which came to Assalide that night as she lay in the wonderful old bed under the hard, watchful, wooden eyes of the carven cherubs which guarded its four corners. Of what she dreamed, however, we know nothing and guess work in such matters is of small import. Of another dream of hers, recounted by herself, we later may have somewhat to impart. Be all this how it may, whether by the natural upliftment of spirit caused by the much needed rest, or because of the ghosts of those dead and forgotten women, who had erstwhile slept and doubtless dreamed beneath the gaze of those same carven cherubs, had come out shivering, laughing or weeping from the four corners of the great room to stand beside her bed and breathe into her soul some part of their own passionate unrest and long buried yearning, be this how it may, Assalide arose with a renewed confidence in her great plan. The true cause of this we cannot know. Great Masters of Medicine might incline to the first and more natural of the two, poets to the second and more romantic. Mayhap both would be right, but with this also we have no profitable concernment.

Indeed, as we have said, the Queen arose in full possession of all that spirit which had carried her so far in the business, partook again sparingly of her morning meal and then, closely wrapped in a fair wide cloak of scarlet, made her way from the grey terrace down the broad stairs, past flanking urns of carven marble, into the green depths of the garden below. Had I the time, aye or the skill, I might here paint for you a picture of that same gar-

den, rich with the sparkling sunshine of a perfect September morning, and in the middle of it all would be a tall, slim girl in a red cloak, her soft hair blown back in great brown curls from the overpale, sensitive, yet withal passionate, face. She sat on a broad bench of white marble and gazed now at the water, blue as the autumn sky, of the little lake at her feet, with its Naiads and its Tritons, and now down the long avenue between the elms, carpeted with thick, soft grass, to the green, dark forest beyond.

Would he pass that way? Of a surety he must, for was not the avenue of elms part of a wood-road leading straight from her chief city of Vic into the heart of his kingdom and past the very door of the monastery of Orlac where, on Roger Blake's word, he had lain that same night?

Sudden from out the forest came leaping a noble stag of ten, a stag royal, with panting breath and heaving flanks and hard at his heels ran two baying hounds. As he came close upon the startled Assalide and swerved away in a new terror there was a crackling and a rustling in the twigs and branches on the far side of the covert, and there stepped from the thicket, a full seven score paces off, a stalwart figure, clad in the Lincoln green of a forester. In his left hand he held at arm's length a good yew bow and, even as she watched, the cloth-hard shaft was drawn to his ear, the string twanged richly and the broad arrow sped swift and straight to the heart of the bounding stag and laid him on the sward almost at Assalide's feet. Even at this distance she could see the gleam of the huntsman's steel blue eyes and the glint of his strong white teeth, which told her that he must be King Jaufre, and in sooth were aught else lacking to make her certain, who but a king would dare to hunt and kill the King's deer in so open a manner? Meantime there lay the stag, his soft eyes glazing over and his red heart's blood staining all the fair green sward and even mingling a little with the clear water of the fountain. As-

salide stepped forward and fearlessly beat off the dogs while the laboring flanks heaved their last and the huntsman came running up, his brown locks blowing back with the fleetness of his approach.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

K. Sawyer Goodman.

Donald Cuyler Vaughan.

Shadow-Time

When in the west the purple clouds hang low,
After the sun has set,
When twilight lingers as if loath to go,
And fire-flies linger yet,
Mere sparks that Summer from her fiery brand
Let drop ere Autumn came ;
When maples grey as crumbling embers stand,
That late were towers of flame ;

Between the tapering cedars, far away
The landscape dims and fades ;
Into the infinite seem to stretch the grey,
Uncertain, formless shades.

Then wakes a longing for some unknown thing,
A wistfulness unnamed,
As thousand-tongued night begins to sing,
Out of its silence shamed
By memory of the voiceful Day ; and one
By one each glimmering star
Shines, and the wan moon brightens, now the sun
Hath journeyed on afar.

All of the autumn splendor of the sky
Hath faded out ere this,
The crimson blush, tinged of the rose's dye,
Left by the Day-god's kiss.

A murmur sounds, as if the branches stir,
Where yet some dead leaf clings ;
The grasses rustle with the din and whirl
Of myriad throats and wings ;
And comes a whisper. Twilight's very own,
Lo, what the Day hath sealed,—
The mystic beauty of the heavenly zone,—
In the darkness lies revealed.

James Southall Wilson.

Ranch Life in the Northwest

WITH the steady march of civilization Westward, the ranchman has been gradually forced back, until at present no genuine cattle-ranch exists to the east of Nebraska. In some sections of the country further west, however, it still exists with almost all of its original characteristics. It is to the ranch life as we find it in the Dakotas, Wyoming and Montana that I wish to draw attention particularly.

To the north and West of the Black Hills, sloping up to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, is a vast expanse of country scarcely equalled in natural beauty by any tract of land of equal extent in the United States. There is a great variety of country, but, in general, it is a rolling prairie, broken here and there by a range of hills covered with pines. The Custer Massacre took place here. Ralph Connor, in his *Sky Pilot*, chose this for his scene, and those who have read that book remember his admirable description of landscape and the life of the people. What is it about this wild frontier life that is so attractive—that makes the frontiersman love the wild plains which he is accustomed to roam—the broad sunny plains, rolling in picturesque irregularity; the precipitous cañons; the beautiful valleys, with here and there a clump of cottonwoods; once in a while a range of pine-covered hills; the almost incessant breeze, sometimes amounting nearly to a gale; the gulches leading up into the hills, beautiful with their variety of color, in the dark background of gray, massive rocks and pines; the bad lands, a broken country with great gorges and deep ravines and upturned strata, revealing tremendous volcanic upheavals in past ages? The country is in its primeval freshness and beauty, unmarred by the hand of man. Often, when riding out miles from human habitation, I have stopped my horse to drink in the romantic

beauty of the wild scene in front of me. Artificial beauty cannot begin to touch the same chords of feeling as some of those wild, silent scenes—silent except for the breeze blowing through the wheat-grass.

Since Ralph Connor knew it, the country has undergone little change. True a few railroads have come in; but still the settlers are very scarce, and a large part of the country is at a great distance from the nearest railroad. Often a settler's nearest railroad station is seventy-five or a hundred miles away. A little farming is done; but principally to raise hay for wintering the cattle. Cattle raising, of course, is the industry. A great many horses and sheep also are raised. The owner, however, pays little attention to his bunch of horses, except to brand the colts. A great many horses go the entire year without seeing the inside of a shed or having a mouthful of hay fed to them. The cattle of the ranchman, on the contrary, are usually fed in stormy, cold weather, and receive more care generally. Range cattle, on the whole are not quite so fortunate. Sometimes they are fed, and sometimes not.

The settler's home is usually a log cabin, having from one to five or six rooms. These, in spite of their rough external appearance, are often very neat and attractive inside, and when properly plastered are very warm and comfortable. The houses, however, are very often widely scattered. It is not at all unusual for a family's nearest neighbor to live six or eight or ten miles distant. This is very favorable for cattle and horse raising, as the ranchman desires as large a range as possible. It is a very common complaint in the more thickly settled regions that there is not enough room; and the enterprising stock raiser goes in search of wider territories. Every ranch has its corrals and sheds. Often they have pastures, too, but pastures in many cases are unnecessary conveniences, as most of the cattle run loose on the prairie.

But, you ask, what kind of people are they who live in this country? It is a very common idea in the East, that the extreme West is inhabited by a lot of semi-barbarians, densely ignorant, and desperately wicked. Quite the contrary is the case. Taking them all the way through, a more intelligent, broad-minded lot of people can scarcely be found anywhere. A great many have come from homes of culture, and by travelling widely, have acquired an extensive knowledge of men and the world. Since reaching the West, they have gone through varied and trying experiences. They found a country without railroads, without towns, without churches, without any of the conveniences of civilization, yet full of natural resources, abounding in undeveloped wealth. From the vast stretches of unclaimed lands, they selected for themselves places for homes; and ever since they have been engaged in the struggle of making a livelihood, while they build up those homes—build them from the ground up—and try to get something ahead. Now, those who have been there the longest are comfortably fixed. They have their homes, their corrals, their stables, their sheds, and their fences, and enough cattle and horses to provide a comfortable living. Their common difficulties have bound them together in a great bond of sympathy. There is no aristocracy, for all, both rich and poor have fundamentally the same problems to meet, and they respect each other for the determined way in which they meet and solve them. When a settler leaves his ranch, the door is almost always left unlocked; and it is understood that anyone passing is at liberty to help himself freely to the best food in the shack—provided he washes up the dishes when he is through. It is a "dirty trick" to help yourself, and then leave the place strewn with a lot of soiled dishes. If the family is at home, the traveller is sure of a generous welcome, and hospitable entertainment.

When the settlers came to the country they did not find a lot of ready-built churches, and an elaborate code of social etiquette firmly established. A great many for years have not had opportunity to hear a single Christian sermon. The families are widely scattered, often not seeing another person for a week or weeks at a time. The refining influence of daily contact with fellowmen is lacking. These conditions produce an external roughness, and a feeling of repulsion for all conventionality. Conventionality is impracticable, and consequently, in great measure, is despised. That roughness, however, is external, and underneath it are warm, noble hearts. The difficulties of their lives successfully met and overcome, make them independent and fearless. Conquering a new country; building a home from nothing; breaking and controlling their horses, accustomed to run wild; and doing the many different kinds of work necessary to a cattle ranch all by themselves, make them exceedingly resourceful and masterful. There is no neighbor just across the road to be called in any minute; and often there is no one to hire, even if there were money to hire him with. Nearly everything must be done by the ranchmen themselves. They must rely upon themselves at all times and under all circumstances; and this training gives them self-confidence and indomitable perseverance which is almost irresistible.

Now, about the life of these people—is not their life monotonous and uninteresting? Of course there are difficulties in making a living anywhere; and this ranch life has its peculiar drawbacks. Probably among the worst of these is the loneliness experienced by the settler's wives who have to be left alone on the ranch a good deal, while their husbands are away. In the East a woman left alone this way would be in danger; but she is perfectly safe on a western ranch. However, in spite of these disadvantages it is safe to say that few classes of people get more real en-

joyment out of living. There is probably no place where an intelligent man, with energy and pluck, can make a living easier and get ahead faster, provided he knows the country—there is almost everything in knowing the ways of the country. The ranchman, except at certain seasons of the year, is a man of comparative leisure. True he has to do everything by himself; but his executive ability in disposing of a large piece of work in a very short time, is astonishing to an Easterner. The ranchmen, a great many of whom are ex-cowboys, show wonderful skill in making their horses do work which a man from the East would not think of making them do. Nearly everything is done with a dash and a flourish, and is quickly over.

Nor are amusements lacking, especially for the younger generation. To be sure the young folks don't have very many playmates, except in the winter at school. However, they are by no means at a loss for something to do. They have their dogs, their ponies, their ropes, and their saddles; and these are enough. They know every foot of the country for miles around, and it is their delight to gallop over the hills after a coyote, or hunt some missing cow. If they happen to find her mired in some mud-hole, it is no "trick" at all to throw the rope over her head, and, taking a few wraps around the saddle horn, drag her out. One would think that her neck would break; but it doesn't. Or it is not uncommon for two youngsters to rope a yearling steer, hog-tie it, cinch one of the saddles on; then one agrees to ride it while the other turns it loose. Or, perhaps, one "thumbs" his pony in the neck, to prove that he can ride him when he bucks. They gallop over the plains as wild and free as the country itself; and come to love their ponies, and their dogs, and their cattle, and the hills themselves, with a passionate devotion. Being by themselves and with older people makes them old in their ways, and very self-reliant, so that a boy of fifteen will often undertake and accomplish as much as any man.

But they are not entirely without social life. Indeed, considering the great distances, they have a remarkable amount of social intercourse with one another. They think nothing of riding or driving ten or fifteen miles to see a neighbor, and back the same day, or possibly they spend the night. Dances,—the bane of the home-missionaries,—are frequent in many localities, as well as different kinds of socials. For raising money, a "box-social" is quite popular. The girls furnish the eatables, each preparing a box, handsomely decorated, and filled with all kinds of good things to eat. The girl's name is on the inside. Then the boxes are sold at auction to the highest bidder, the boys not being supposed to know who owns any one of them. However, there are ways of finding out such things, when it is a matter between a fellow and his girl; and sometimes the boxes bring good prices. Money flows freely. I heard of a fellow who one time paid forty dollars for his box. After a party in a private house, if the house has only two or three rooms, and something prevents the crowd from dispersing that night, the hostess is by no means disconcerted. She simply puts the men in one room and the ladies in the other, and divides her bedding between them. It is most as good as camping out. Also, on holidays the people come together and race horses, ride notorious bronchos, and have various athletic contests, usually followed by a big dance in the evening. All take part in the dancing from the old lady of sixty to the youngster of eight or ten. To these gatherings they come from twenty or twenty-five or thirty miles around; and everybody has a "big time."

Any description of ranch-life would be incomplete without special space being given to the cow-boy or "cow-puncher." The two are inseparably interwoven. The cow-boy is a distinct species of the genus man, having certain peculiar characteristics, although these characteristics

are less marked now than they used to be. Cow-boys are proverbially lazy in anything except their own work. A cow-boy will not take a step or do anything that he can make his horse do for him. But they are almost invariably generous, good natured, big-hearted fellows, always ready for a joke, and as free and independent as the breeze. Their life when on the round-up is hard. They have to be in the saddle from before daybreak in the morning until after dark at night, beside taking their turn at night-watch with the cattle. This is every day in the week regardless of Sundays or weather. Once in three or four weeks, probably, they will have a day or so off. It is, however, a life of infinite variety and freedom.

To know anything about the life of a cow-boy, one must know something of the round-ups. The round-ups are run by the big cattle companies, in the spring and early summer to brand the calves; in the late summer and fall to gather beeves for shipment. The cattle belonging to one company may be scattered over a territory two hundred miles square; and this territory must be gone over carefully two or three times a year. That is all the care that a great many range cattle get. The round-up wagons, each drawn by four horses, are sent out in pairs, with ten or twelve cow-boys, besides the cook, two "horse-wranglers" and the boss. The "horse wranglers" have charge of the saddle horses not in use, as each cow-boy must have six or eight horses in order to do the immense amount of riding. One "wrangler" has charge of the horses at night; and the other in day time. One wagon carries the beds, each rolled up in a tarpaulin; the other is the grub wagon. It carries the provisions the tent, the sheet-iron cooking stove, and all the cooking utensils and tin dishes. The cook and the night wrangler drive the wagons, and attend to the camping. Camp is moved once a day, and the cow-boys scour the country, in all directions, for miles around.

Each man changes horses two or three times a day. The most important man in the party, hardly excepting the boss, is the cook. He rules the camp with a high hand. The cattle company furnishes a great abundance of all kinds of provisions, and he is unstinting in his use of them. A beef is killed every few days, and only the best parts used. Then the cook always knows his business, especially in cooking beef, so that round-up roast-beef is proverbial. The settlers avail themselves of every opportunity to eat with the round-up, and are always welcome—particularly the girls. Then the cook is in his element. If he knows that they are coming, elaborate preparations are made. Cakes, pies, dried fruit, canned goods are in abundance. The cook is the master of ceremonies; and he does the honors with a care and heartiness worthy of the occasion. The cow-boys as they come in, eat a little more slowly than usual, and are not in such a hurry to rush off afterwards. A lively conversation is kept up, mostly friendly banter. After dinner, for the entertainment of the guests, the best rider in the crowd is urged to ride a horse that bucks. He refuses at first, but at last yields. The unruly quadruped is quickly roped and saddled, and the performer jumps on. Then the circus begins; but it is soon over; and the entertainer, with a bow and a wave of the hat, gallops off to his afternoon's work.

H. C. Baskerville.

Aftermath

CROSSED SWORDS

Lay him gently down beside the stream,
By this throbbing artery of the earth,
That its bubbling flow in keeping seem
With the trickling ebb of his life's blood;
That his last few moments in their dearth
May be laved with its refreshing flood.

Cover up that fearful gash I made—
Not by my volition that I vow—
His blade but a trice from my duty strayed,
Then mine heard my former master's test:
"Voila—wake, see you that opening now!"
My foil like the hart did pant in quest!

Let me see his face before I go,
Ye Gods! How youthful and fair he seems,—
Just at the age when years run slow
In the race with future golden dreams.
I thought it not. For his wrist so strong
Of his experience gave rumor wrong.

And all for a maiden's treacherous smile.
This is oft the guerdon set by love—
And the donor is e'er a woman's guile—
"One mortal's gain is another's loss."
You the happier whom my point has shrove
Than I with the hilt that forms the cross.

H. B. Reed.

IDLE THOUGHTS—ON CERTAIN INCONSISTENCIES

It seems to be the fashion nowadays to hold success in a financial way as a disgrace—that is, the success of others. No sooner does a man or a group of men amass a comfort-

able fortune than the cry of dishonesty and corruption is heard. The fortunate ones, fortunate usually because of their ability to work hard, are hounded in the newspapers and periodicals, their likenesses and those of their families printed, their style of dress criticized and their social virtues or lack of them commented upon. To sum it up, all privacy is done away with and the unhappy victims must henceforth live in the limelight—at least until their notoriety dies down. The life cannot be very pleasant.

Jealously is said to be green eyed. Lately, the green has shown a great affinity for gold and proceeds to decry the getting of it—the denunciation being rewarded at so much per word. To the casual observer there appears to be something inconsistent in this. But those who cry out the loudest and are therefore the best rewarded claim to do it in the interests of the country. Very patriotic, to be sure, and incidentally, very profitable.

But the most amusing part of this outcry against the accumulation of wealth lies elsewhere, in the fact that however much the man in the street may deprecate wealth, he is constantly on the lookout for stray pennies or banknotes. He cries out against the "trusts"—and schemes to become a member of one; demands an open market and plans a combination to uphold prices. The whole of his creed seems to be "I am holier than thou at present but would gladly join thee in iniquity, were I given the chance."

JE VEUX LA LUNE

I look at you, yet you heed me not,
While I think of you and what you forgot,
Forgot—and forgetting, forgot me too;
But I want the moon and the moon is you.

I dream all day of your presence bright,
And taste again of the old delight,
And I worship you in all that I do ;

But I want the moon and the moon is you.

Though I know that my days of joy are past,
Those days so dear that they could not last,
Yet I think and dream and hope anew ;
For I want the moon and the moon is you.

Sterling Morton.

Editorial

Again, as so often in the past few years, it seems to be necessary to mention, and in a critical spirit, the subject of the Halls and debating here in Princeton. A great deal has been said of what the Halls used to mean and used to stand for and without going over that ground anew we shall

The Halls content ourselves with a few comments on the present standing and condition of these two organizations. It is no breaking of Hall secrecy to say that the internal condition of both of these Societies is a deplorable one. Both financially and in respect to their ostensible object of developing debating and literary men they have fallen far not only from their ideals but from the concrete examples of the past. This is the fault, not of athletics, not of a change in the social order, as has been charged several times, but of the negligence, lethargy and haphazard, unmethodical procedure of those men now in college and members of Hall. The actual membership of the Halls has been very large during the last four or five years, but with the increase in membership seems to have come a decrease of active work and interest. The successes which have attended the efforts of Princeton teams in Intercollegiate Debating of late have been won in spite of the influence of Hall and not because of it. For this influence, far from being the inspiring, uplifting one of keen activity and of intense though friendly rivalry, has been the dispiriting, hampering consciousness of preparation ill backed up and unappreciated.

The Freshman A remedy has been carefully thought out
Debate Union and suggested by a committee of men from both Halls and that remedy consists in making it difficult for a man to become a member of Hall. That is, a freshman must show himself possessed of debat-

ing and literary powers far beyond the average to be entitled to the privileges and benefits of Hall membership. A Freshman Debate Union is to be formed and by the display of qualifications in the work of this organization the fitness of candidates will be judged. Only a limited number of men, it is planned, will be taken into the Halls at the first election and this election will be held at a much later date than has heretofore been the custom. This, we say, is in brief the plan that has been matured by the Freshman Debate Union Committee. Whether or not it will be carried out is a question which is at present exciting much interest in both Halls. There appear to be motives of expediency which may make it advisable to defer the adoption of the scheme to next year, but we believe that these motives are insufficient. The opportunity is, in our view, too precious a one to be allowed to slip by as from it there will certainly redound, not only incalculable benefits to the Halls themselves and to future Princeton debating teams, but also lasting honor to the members of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Six as the inaugurators and promoters of such a movement.

“Lit.”
Contributions

Let us take opportunity to urge again that every man interested in writing, and possessing in any degree the power of clear, concise, artistic expression and a few clever, fairly original ideas shall hand in at least one and if possible many MSS. at the *Lit.* office during the coming year and shall by this means help to maintain and raise the standard of this magazine. From the fifteenth to the twenty-fifth day of each month, beginning with October, there will be one of the editorial board in the office for at least one hour each day. This editor's name and department together with the hour he will be there will be printed in *The Princetonian* of that date and he will be ready and willing to consult with any candidate during that time and to criticize and advise him about his work.

Gossip

A little over two weeks ago it was—"By George! Give us your paw," "Shake, old man, how've you been?" "Had a dandy summer? Good! so had I." "Say, but I'm glad to see your ugly face again." Yes, the great year of 1905-1906 had begun. Tom, Dick and the Other Man were slapping each other on the back at every corner of the campus and along Nassau Street. All minor differences borne of club feeling or class politics were forgotten for the time. Even the poler who sits next to you in the lectures came in for his share of the joy Fest and was greeted as a long lost and dearly beloved friend. You were all unfeignedly glad to see each other. Such a change had been wrought by a few short months of separation. But seriously, now. Your Gossip would like to know why can't this millennium last to a certain extent throughout the college year? Why do the Lion and the Lamb after feasting together for a few pleasant moments in perfect good fellowship at the Inn or the Nassau, rise and depart each to his own limited circle of friends, efforts and enjoyments, leaving the other to his own desires to be passed a few days hence on the street with a curt nod of half recognition. Do I hear someone say "Rubbish." Rubbish is often a good word, but in this case you will pardon me if I beg to differ. You all know what the Gossip means, the old cliques have begun to drift together again. You have almost forgotten the existence of many men you greeted most affably on the first day of college and in many cases simply because they don't happen to room in the same entry with you, eat at the same table, wear the same hat ribband or sport the same horse hat. This isn't meant as a heavy slam at the spirit of class distinction or club companionship, far from it. It is not the place of the Gossip to "knock" or criticize, these two pages have to be filled with something "light" and lightly treated. This little matter is "light" but not too light to deserve attention. Doubtless many of you have thought about it already.. This is simply to joggle you into thinking about it again. A little later in the year if some comparative stranger should speak to you cordially on the campus you would probably trot off home and look into the Princetonian to see what office he

happened to be running for or else expect him to turn up again tooting some new brand of cigarette. Now this is all wrong. Natural, possibly, but certainly not as it should be, or what we are here for. Try rubbing up your latent qualities as a "mixer," find other peoples' good points and perhaps they may find yours, even some you didn't know you had yourself. Remember you have to stick out your hand before anyone can shake it. It pays to have friends, lots of friends and to keep them, *all of them*.

Book Talk

Several years ago a Freshman was sent on an errand to the late Laurence Hutton, who was then living at his Princeton home "Peep O' Day." It was in January and bitterly cold so that when the boy reached his destination he was almost frozen. In answer to his ring the door opened almost immediately and he saw before him a slender, rather delicate looking man with reddish whiskers and large black-rimmed spectacles, behind which gleamed a pair of bright friendly eyes. Before he could say a word he was drawn inside and the door closed behind him. He attempted to state his errand at once, but was told to "come on," so obediently followed his guide into a large room in which a great fire roared in an old fashioned fireplace and where books, photographs and odd pieces of bric-a-brac lined every wall. Here he spent the most memorable hour of his life, and here he received an impression of Laurence Hutton which subsequent visits served only to intensify and strengthen until it can never be erased, the impression of a courteous, scholarly, young-hearted gentleman, a famous man himself not only, but also the friend and companion of famous men on both sides of the Atlantic.

It was in this room that the *TALKS IN A LIBRARY* recorded by Isabel Moore, and recently published, were held. Mr. Hutton had a fascinating collection of autographs, photographs, play-bills and sketches, and in his "Talks" he recounts little anecdotes of the men and women whose memories are recalled by them.

The book is copiously illustrated and will be a treasure in the hands of anyone who has ever read any of Mr. Hutton's books or had the still greater pleasure of meeting personally the well-known and greatly loved "Literary Landmarker." (*Talks in a Library with Laurence Hutton*. By Isabel Moore. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

A short time ago when the First Series of the *SHELBOURNE ESSAYS* were published, they met with approval and commendation on all sides. In the Second Series Mr. More deals with such subjects as the Elizabethan Sonnets, Shakespeare's Sonnets, Lamb,

Kipling, Hawthorne, and others, handling them with the same care and critical accuracy which marked his former work. (Shelbourne Essays. By Paul Elmer Moore. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.)

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